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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

OUR ELEMENT

A wing implies the air,
  From fins infer the sea,
From stealthy tread, the lion's lair;
  And honey means the bee.

From tides we learn the power
  Inherent in the moon.
The golden grain denotes the shower
  At morn and eve and noon.

The range of winds is wide,
  Space they must have to fly.
The planet with his sun must bide
  A linked unity.

An element, a cause
  All things in nature claim,—
A bound, a bourne, abiding laws,
  A hope, a home, an aim;

A complement is given
  Throughout creation broad
To every being under heaven:—
  Man's element is God.

—*Mary C. Bishop.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1915. NUMBER 19

THE HOUSE OF PAIN.

Unto the Prison House of Pain none willingly repair—
The bravest who an entrance gain
Reluctant linger there—
For pleasure, passing by that door, stays not to cheer the sight,
And sympathy but muffles sound and banishes the light.

Yet in the Prison House of Pain things full of beauty blow—
Like Christmas roses, which attain
Perfection 'mid the snow—
Love, entering, in his mild warmth the darkest shadows melt,
And often, where the bush is deep, the waft of wings is felt.

Ah, me! the Prison House of Pain!—What lessons there are bought!—
Lessons of a sublimer strain
Than any elsewhere taught—
Amid its loneliness and gloom, grave meanings grow more clear,
For to no earthly dwelling place seems God so strangely near!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

In "Lyrics of Life," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Must the Church Be Vulgar?" is the pertinent question asked by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, Secretary of the Church Federation, as quoted in the *Literary Digest* for June 19. Doctor Jefferson seems to distrust the habit of some ministers "to work their subjects into fantastic forms, adopt the methods of hustling promoters and convert their sermons into theatrical expressions for the sake of making an impression on hearts." In this age of "yellow journalism," the Doctor is not surprised that we should have "yellow evangelism." Such ministers feel that anything that draws a throng or makes a stir is justified. Surely these are pertinent and timely words.

At the annual convention of the Theosophical Society, held in London, there was an attempt to interpret "the moral and spiritual issues behind the war." Fundamentally the war was described as "the contest between the materialistic interpretation of life and the spiritual." "A new civilization is to have its birth in the awakening of those forces which belong to the spiritual well being of men." Amen! This truth must be spoken by many voices using many dialects, and they will all hasten the time when "the oneness of the human race, the oneness of all the religions, the unity of humanity," to borrow the words of Abdul Baha to the recent Bahai Congress held in San Francisco, will come.

According to the *Christian Commonwealth,* published in London, a "Buddha Day" was recently celebrated in that city at the Buddhist headquarters. Surely the message of him who "made Asia mild" and for the promulgation of which no blood has ever been shed in aggressive warfare, is needed in these militant days and among those belligerent people. Perhaps the meaning of the message of the Nazarene which has been lost by familiarity and deadening reiteration, may be discovered in the unfamiliar guise of the mendicant prince. When both are understood, the world will be startled and then inspired by discovering the identity of the messages and the fundamental agreement concerning the realities of the spiritual life which are related to national as well as individual well being.

The Continent tells us that President Wilson's commendation of a nation that is "too proud to fight" was made much sport of in London and that for a few days the city became an "uncomfortable place for Americans because of the jesting." But our Presbyterian neighbor, in commenting upon the same, wisely says:

> Yet it is worth noting that when the necessity for taking a brute as a brute does arise, when human reason has failed and other rational beings refuse to be rational or to accept rational treatment, there is always a strong advantage with the man who has refused to be brutalized himself, or with the nation that is too proud to fight until every way of the human level has been tried. Christ had no weapons for his own defense; he could not stoop to brutal measures. But in behalf of others, for righteousness and the claims of God, was there not a scourge of cords?

Accepting the militants' grim resort that there may come a time when the nation must defend itself with powder, ball and submarine, even then its strong defense will lie with those who have been disciplined in the school of peace, made heroic and efficient in shop and on farm. The best training possible for the manual of arms in times of necessity, is that which comes from the dextrous handling of hoe and plane, plumb line and compass, yard-stick, ledger and typewriter. These assertions are justified by history.

The tireless pastor of the Emmanuel Baptist Church of Chicago has less faith in UNITY and its message than we have in Johnston Myers, who is just rounding out his twenty years of devoted pastorate of this splendid church. As it seems to us, Mr. Myers' theology is obsolete or obsolescent. He has been strangely indifferent to the results of modern

scholarship and painfully dogmatic in his conclusions. In spite of this, not on account of it, his tireless energy, his unflagging stream of courage, his unselfishness, has enabled him to keep the church growing in the "Twenty-second Street District," from which so many churches have fled because of the "impossible locality," because of the "moving of the members farther south," because "there is nobody left in that territory to keep the church going;" his has been one of the busiest, livest and, in its way, one of the most helpful churches in the city. According to the *Standard*, the organ of the Baptist Church in Chicago, the membership under Dr. Myers' administration has grown from 800 to 2,500; its working force now consists of fourteen salaried members, including two secretaries, two janitors, three missionaries, a matron and a general superintendent of buildings; it sustains four missions, it is open seven days in the week and all parts of the spacious building are constantly used. It has, as might have been expected in that territory, given over 100,000 free meals to hungry people during the last year, it has distributed tons of clothing. But he also has held on the average thirty-five religious services every week. Here is the church that did not run away from its task and is the admiration and the holy envy of its whilom neighbors who have followed their rich members southward and are still living, as the hymn book says, at a "poor, dying rate." It is not the orthodox theology or doctrinal confidences that explains this splendid center of power and source of pleasure, but the determination to apply religion, to put piety to work, to *embody* the gospel. Let other city churches take note!

A shelf-worn, dusty, faded, little paper-covered pamphlet, 6 by 4 inches, lies before us which bears on its title page, "Hymns for Theists, Collected by E. P. Powell, published by the Independent Religious Society of Utica, N. Y." It bears no date but it must carry us back nearly forty years to the time when our friend E. P. Powell, whose memorial appeared in a recent number of UNITY, was still in the active ministry. It is a modest collection of a hundred and fourteen hymns, most of them familiar, and now available in most of the standard collections of hymns made for the use of liberal churches. At this distance one can see that the preaching and not the singing instinct, was the dominant force directing the collector's hand. Tennyson and Whittier and Adelaide Proctor have been forced into the service without asking leave of the musicians. The collector has modestly slipped in four or five of his own compositions, none of which perhaps have been able to pass beyond the limitations of this collection. The collection has become a curiosity and has only archeological interest to the hymnologist, but the word of preface is still interesting and significant. It may well be laid before every Committee whose business it is to compile a hymn-book for the future. Nothing is more significant in connection with organized religion than the recognition of these principles on the part of hymn-book makers, the advance made along these lines by all the churches when they come to sing. Henry Ward Beecher was wont to say "there is no heresy in the hymn-book." Had he lived to this day he would be delighted to note how rapidly the hymn-books are being expurgated of obsolete theology, the other-worldliness and the pious damnations that used to characterize the old collecters. UNITY is glad to give our old friend and colleague editorial space to speak to a larger audience the words written over thirty-five years ago, but which are timely and prophetic:

"This collection of Hymns includes a fair number of such religious songs as express or imply the purely Theistic conception of God. Care has been taken to exclude such as are burdened with other-worldliness, or with backward-looking into a region of ecclesiastical mythology. Equal care has been exercised to avoid such verse as implies that dissatisfaction expressed for this life, or yearning for another, constitutes an element of piety. The true life, here sung, is that of an immediate and daily walk with God; the child with the father, full of trust, hope and gratitude.

"Recognizing the present life as not a pilgrimage, but as the real home of the soul: man as no way fallen, but as the very hopeful child of God; the world as no way an evil thing, but as the good gift of God; these hymns sing along our way in church and in field, at prayer and at work, helping us to that peace which comes only by an honorable discharge of our daily duties."

Bryan

The reason offered for the recent Secretary of State's withdrawing from the Cabinet, because he could not sign the second state paper sent to Germany, which was a much milder document, touched with a more pacific spirit than the first one which he did sign, hardly seems a sufficient cause for the drastic step taken. It could not help being a serious and an undeserved embarrassment to President Wilson, whose position, at best, is a most trying one and his conduct and attitude under severest analysis, is one of commendable dignity, consistency and power.

This act of Mr. Bryan is one more of the many illustrations of his capacity for blundering, judging from the standpoint of the politician, or even the astute statesman.

Still W. J. Bryan is THE BRYAN who has been a candidate for the Presidency three times, who made one president and has helped unmake several and is, even now, a power to be reckoned with, not only in the politics of the Democratic Party but also in the future development of the country. He is the layman who persists in preaching, and who, while one of the most popular of orators on the American platform

today, has projected his personality far beyond the widest reach of his tongue or pen. No man in public life has been more persistently cartooned and buffooned than Mr. Bryan. No man has been more often successfully "refuted" and mercilessly ridiculed. It has been quite safe for every editor, from the penny-a-liner reporters on flippant dailies to the stately "bosses" in state and national affairs, to "dispose" of Mr. Bryan. Still he is a man respected by his neighbors and honored in many ways by people who are neither foolish nor corrupt. How is this gigantic paradox in American public life to be explained?

First, because of his transparent honesty. His thinking may be illogical, even incoherent, but he says what he thinks and says it forcibly. His thinking may not be "consistent," he has apparently changed his mind many times. He has taken back his own words with a frankness that commands the respect of his opponents. Whatever may be said of Bryan, it must ever remain true that he has carried his heart upon his sleeve for the American people. He has done much honest thinking on high questions and has reported the same with phenomenal frankness and power.

In the second place, he has been right, as we think, on four out of five great questions, not only in American politics but also in the civilization of the twentieth century, which has been so severely tried and has been found so profoundly wanting. He has been on the minority side of these movements which are steadily moving forward into the majority, namely: the woman question, the drink question, the war question and, perhaps, so far as any man can be right in a partisan way, on the tariff question, a question with which only a non-partisan, long continued, expert commission can properly grapple. There is but one other question of great importance concerning which this great commoner has not spoken with what would seem his characteristic promptness, bluntness and apparent indifference to consequences, and that is the irrepressible race question and prejudice of color.

What the future place of Bryan in American politics will be does not appear. He has so often successfully "Killed Himself!" according to the consensus of editors, that it would be rash to predict that after this one more effectual case of political suicide he is to remain dead.

There are plenty of editors to dispose of Bryan, plenty of reformers to distrust him, plenty of shyster politicians and well ordered bosses to throw stones at him. UNITY prefers to admire his frankness, to recognize his power, which has in it a large element of honest thinking, forcibly stated, concerning current problems which are themselves shifting, changing, growing problems.

Deploring whatever of embarrassment his recent action may have brought to an administration that deserves to be steadied and strengthened by all the peace loving citizens it possesses, we persist in believing still in both Bryan and Wilson. They are, both of them, now standing in the haze, but when the mist is lifted it will be found that William Jennings Bryan's uncompromising attitude against militarism, his belief that the safety of the United States lies in its unarmed power, that there is an irreconcilable antagonism between the reign of the bullet and the reign of the ballot, that justice and reason applied to international affairs and administered by competent courts and international officials have need of few battleships; that the peace of nations, aye, the safety of the United States, is not to come through submarines or aeroplanes charged with destruction, but by neutralizing the air and water, internationalizing all ports, canals and narrow passages, the re-writing of the international code, supplanting the old theory of the antagonism of interests as being the normal relations of nations by the new theory of the community of interests and preserving the sanctity of the present boundaries subject only to the changes demanded by the will of the people is still prophetic, standing for things that are to be.

Bryan is still a man to be watched! He has not spoken his last word and it is not time to speak the last word about him!

The Books We Read

The free libraries tempt us to reach too much, and oblige us to read too hastily; and herein the harm lies. We are in danger through them of spoiling our literary digestion, and becoming a nation of mental dyspeptics. Our excessive reading may be a vice, or a mania; it is certainly a disease.

The way to health is through the ownership of the books we read, and books are now so cheap that hardly anyone who really loves them need deny himself the fine rapture of feeling them his. A book borrowed, whether from a public or a private source, is always a burden. You must think about returning it, under penalty of money or remorse. But a book bought is a liberation of the soul from all sordid anxieties concerning it, and an enlargement of mind such as a borrowed book can never be. If you borrow books you are in danger of borrowing more than you can read; but you are never in danger of buying more books than you can read, unless you buy them for show, in which case you cannot really own them; for there is this peculiarity in the ownership of books, that the purchase is not completed till you have read them. Then, when you have them in your heart and your head, you may put them on your shelf, secure that, whatever misfortune befalls you, your property in them cannot be wholly alienated.

Harper's "Easy Chair."

WILLIAM JAMES

As He May Be Known By Those Who Never Met Him

By EDWIN ALFRED RUMBALL

(*Continued*)

In 1884 William James publishes his first book, not on Psychology nor Philosophy, but on "The Literary Remains of Henry James; Edited with an Introduction." Mr. Putman says of his first book: "All those who wish to gain insight into the evolution of Prof. James's mind, by noting the influences that were early at work upon him, should read this admirable volume. The theology there defended is sufficiently simple and sufficiently well adapted for men's needs to have commanded James's respect, and both the character of the sentiments and the splendid language of the father strongly reminded one of the son's thought and style." While speaking of the father's religion, we may keep ourselves reminded at this point, that throughout all this period of his life William James was a fairly regular attendant at Appleton Chapel in the Harvard Yard. Apart from the indirect service which the teachings of this man have rendered to religion and religiousness in the world, there appears to have been in him more than is usually supposed of real personal faith that directly went forth from him in helpfulness. In a few words at the funeral of a dear friend, he said, "Good-bye, then, old friend, in that wider world of being, of which this little world of being forms so infinitesimal a part, we may be sure that our spirits and their missions here will continue in some way to be represented, and that ancient human loves will never lose their own." For all that has been said of the blighting effect of his Pragmatism on religion by those who cannot be said to have appreciated the depth of James's views of it, there is much in it that has given and yet will give new vigor and fresh youth to the religion of men and women. No better title has ever been given to him than "William James: Life-Helper." "I confess that I do not see," he writes, "why the very existence of an invisible world may not in part depend on the personal response which anyone of us may make to the religious appeal. God himself may draw vital energy and increase of very being from our fidelity. For my part, I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of this life mean, if they mean anything short of this." He tried up to the very last,—read his books and hear what his friends say,—to help men think that they had a right to believe in immortality if they cared to, that science could not say them nay, even if it could not affirm."

In the year 1890, when he was forty-eight years old, he published the book that first gave him his world-wide reputation and gave him the permanent place that he will always hold in the history of Psychology. It was written for the most part during a trip to Europe, and on publication it proved to be an immense success. There was recognition everywhere of its great value. The English Psychologist wrote, "Prof. James, a true American, for all his European sympathies, has done 'the big thing.'" James seemed to be as much surprised as anyone. He had not taken special pains, he said, to make a monumental work. Two years later he issued the "Briefer Psychology," thereby spreading in this country the reputation which he now possessed among the scholars of Europe. The little essay on "Habit" has become a classic and has been issued separately.

One of the results of his book-making that must have pleased and helped him was the financial returns. He was one of the few scientific writers whose works were a source of revenue. On the income from the "Psychology" and "The Talks to Teachers" he made several trips to Europe.

If we keep to any kind of chronology in this article we ought to mention at this point that in March, 1890, there appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* his article on "What Psychical Research has Accomplished," or rather part of it appeared in this magazine, and part two years later in the *Forum*, and a third part was made of the material which he used in his presidential address before the Society for Psychical Research in 1896. Then in 1891 his "Moral Philosopher and the Moral Life" appeared in the *International Journal of Ethics*. It had previously been delivered before the Yale Philosophical Society.

In 1892 we find him and his family in Florence for the winter after having spent the summer in Switzerland. He thus amusingly describes their housekeeping in a letter to Mr. Putman:

"If we can escape freezing this winter the retrospect next spring will doubtless be a good one. Our apartment is snug, clean and sunny, and though devoid of every 'domestic convenience' except one stop-cock and a hearth in the kitchen some ten feet by six, it seems a place in which housekeeping can go on. Our cook, Raphaello, with whom we converse by means of raw Latin roots without terminations seems nevertheless to grasp our meanings and evolve very savory dinners out of the nudity of his workshop. I ought to say that we have a big Bernese governess, who looks like Luther in his more corpulent days, and knowing more Italian than we do, has been quite useful as an interpretess. But her appetites are ungovernable, she has no tact and we shall have little use for her when the boys go to school, so we shall say farewell and give her a recommendation to some full-blooded family."

So far we have said very little about his children. This man, without autobiography or biography at present, has very little to tell. The only book which seems to mention them is the "Principles of Psychology," which, as we have seen, was written about twelve years after his marriage. Again and again we are made to think of Darwin's volume on the study of emotion in men and animals, from the many references which show that he also studied and experimented with his babies. Here, for example, is the story of one such experiment. It appears in the chapter on Instinct, and is in illustration of his belief that the fear of vermin ripens gradually. In proof thereof he says:

"I gave a live frog once to a child of my own at the age of from six to eight months, and again when he was a year and a half old. The first time he seized it promptly, and holding it in spite of its struggling, at last got its head into its mouth. He then let it crawl up his breast, and get upon his face, without showing alarm. But the second time, although he had seen no frog and heard no story of a frog meanwhile, it was almost impossible to induce him to touch it. Another child a year old, eagerly took some very large spiders into his hand. At present he is afraid, but has been exposed meanwhile to the teachings of the nursery."

He goes on to tell of his baby girl of eight months showing no fear of a pug dog, but developing a great fear afterward. In quite a few passages of this first great book of his, reference to his children may be

found. In the chapter on Perception, where he tries to show that every new experience must be disposed of under some old head, his illustration is from his child of two, who called his first orange a ball; his first eggs, potatoes, and his first folding pocket corkscrew "bad scissors."

Either before going to Florence or on his return he was asked by the Harvard corporation to give a few lectures on Psychology to the teachers of Cambridge. These were afterward, in 1899, published in book form under the now familiar title of "Talks to Teachers." During this same busy year of 1892 he found time to issue the "Briefer Psychology as a text book. At this time also he gave up the directorship of the Psychological Laboratory and began to show growing interest in general philosophy and less in experimental psychology.

The years pass very quickly after each other now, so far as data is concerned at the disposal of one who never met William James. In 1893 he received his first foreign degree, that from Padua, which we noted above. Two years later we have the appearance of his address on "Is Life Worth Living?" which was first given before the Harvard Y. M. C. A., and after being published later in the *International Journal of Ethics*, Mr. S. B. Weston issued it as a pocket volume. The year following, 1896, he gives his famous essay on "The Will to Believe" before the Philosophical Clubs of Yale and Brown universities, and in June it is published in the *New World*. It seems to have been published the following year with other essays. During 1896 he also gave the Shaw Oration in the Boston Music Hall, at the unveiling of the Shaw monument, which can be read today in his "Memories and Studies." The first lecture printed in this volume, on Louis Agassiz, was given this year. In 1898 came the Ingersoll lecture on "Immortality." In 1899, when "Talks to Teachers" is published, we become first aware of his seriously impaired health, due, it is said, in the first place to over-exertion in the Adirondacks. A weakness of his heart made it needful for him to secure a leave of absence from Harvard during the years of 1899 to 1901. It was at this time that he went to Nauheim, to which Mr. Putman made reference earlier. From this time on till he retired from Harvard, he was never able to give again more than a single course a year, and it is said that even this was done with a "keen sense of his physical limitations." Yet for all this, it must appear to the mass of men that his really productive period began with this year. Leisure from regular professorial duties gave him time for more reading and writing, and thus so far as the non-collegiate world went, it appeared that he was busier than ever. In 1899 he was called to give the Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh, but his health forbade his accepting at that time; but it did not forbid his preparation of the lectures, so for a whole year he was busy on the data which was to form the book which, next to his "Principles of Psychology," or perhaps even equally with it, was to make his reputation lasting: "The Varieties of Religious Experience." Those who have read the book will remember the vast amount of material from all manner of sources that he gathered together. One of the things to which attention ought to be called, so characteristic is it of him, is the honest and modest way he had of acknowledging his debts to other men and books. A long preface, full of the usual literary acknowledgments, does not satisfy this man. An effective illustration taken from Guido Reni's picture of St. Michael in the Louvre has the following footnote: "I owe this allegorical illustration to my lamented colleague and friend, Charles Carroll Everett." All of his works are the same in this respect: "The Crillon quotation on page 62 is due to Mr. W. M. Salter, who employed it in a similar manner in the *Index* for August 24, 1882; and the dream metaphor on page 174 is a reminiscence of some novel of George Sands,—I forget which,—read by me some thirty years ago." Most of us would acknowledge our indebtedness for some bright passage or position advocated, but when William James quotes from the "Life and Journal of the Rev. Mr. Henry Alline of Boston," he has to add as a footnote: "I owe my acquaintance with this book to my colleague, Dr. Benjamin Rand." If he found a very good example of something he was teaching, he would write for permission to print it, even though he was not intending to mention names. ""Here is an excellent example," he writes in his chapter on 'The Sick Soul,' for permission to print which I have to thank the sufferer."

In 1892 he was able to deliver his Gifford Lectures, and by the originality of his method and the importance of his presentation of religious facts, he found himself a leader of religious thinkers and his name possessing a permanent place in the history of religious thought. Probably the feature which average men and women will remember longest of this book is the successful manner in which he uses all kinds of religious experience, and gives to the most obscure saints and to cranks who would never have been heard of the full recognition which their experience seems to warrant. Prof. Royce says, "World-renowned saints of the historic church receive his hearty sympathy; but they stand upon an equal footing in his esteem with many an obscure and ignorant revivalist, with faith healers, with poets, with sages, with heretics, with men that wander about in all sorts of sheep skins and goat skins, with chance correspondents of his own, with whomsoever you will, of whom the world was not and is not worthy, but who, by inner experience, had obtained the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen."

James is always a sharer of his feasts and his friends. If a new book comes to his notice and it is worth while, he wants to draw atention to it. When Boutroux came to this country and his lectures at Harvard were not well attended, the fact becomes an article by James in *The Nation*. In 1895 he quotes from a book called "The Flaw of Supremacy," by one Paul Benjamin Blood of Amsterdam, N. Y. He is used again in his Gifford Lectures, and then, in case the world should still ignore this writer and forget his originality, he must write about him in the *Hibbert Journal* a few months before his death. It was this same spirit of modest and generous interest in others that helped to lead him toward the end of his life to almost call a younger man,—Henri Bergson,—his master. The simple blunt fact of human life always gave value and importance to men and women in the eyes of James; his democratic heart could not give any importance to the more frequently mentioned superficial distinctions. Once in earlier

days, in Vienna, he says that he had a feeling of awe and reverence in looking at the peasant women in from the country, on their business at the market for the day:

"Old hags, many of them were dried and brown and wrinkled, kerchiefed and short-petticoated, with thick wool stockings on their bony shanks, stumping through the glittering thoroughfares, looking neither to the right nor the left, bent on duty, envying nothing, humble hearted and remote;—and yet, at bottom, when you came to think of it, bearing the whole fabric of the splendors and corruptions of that city on their laborious backs. For where would any of it had been without their unremitting and unrewarded toil in the fields. And so with us, not our generals and poets, I thought, but to the Italian and Hungarian laborers in the subway rather ought the monuments of gratitude and reverence of a city like Boston to be reared."

With an uncommon though true scientific spirit, it has been well remarked, William James was unwilling to treat lightly any data whatever which might seem to have any significance.

We are now treating of the days within six years of his death. From this time on he was a kind of philosopher at large, giving addresses and writing many articles, some of them of the popular kind that found willing readers all over the English speaking world. In 1903 Harvard gave him his LL.D, though only three months previously he had written his protest against degrees in the *Harvard Monthly*. His speech at the dinner on the day on which he received the honor will not soon be forgotten. "The true Harvard," he told them, "was the invisible Harvard in the souls of her more truth seeking and independent and often solitary sons. . . . The day when Harvard will stamp a single hard and fast type of character upon her children, will be that of her downfall. Our undisciplinables are our proudest product."

The important dates from now on include such scholastic events as the following: In 1904 he gave the address on "Peace" at the International Peace Congress; in May of this year an address on Francis Boott in Harvard Chapel; in July, his article on Herbert Spencer's Autobiography appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1905 we find him again in Italy, and to this same year belongs his article in *McClure's* on Thomas Davidson, which was probably written while he was at Nauheim, for his first intimation of the death of his friend comes to him in a copy of the Paris edition of *The New York Herald*. Having recruited his health by his stay in Europe, he comes home to take up the work of Acting Professor of Leland Stanford Jr. University in California. The address that he gave at that university on Founder's Day can be now read in his "Memories and Studies." While here, of course, he experienced the terrible earthquake, to which reference was made earlier in this writing. Toward the end of the year, on the 28th of December, as the President of the American Philosophical Association, he gave his somewhat famous address on the "Energies of Men." It spread from coast to coast by word of mouth and printed page, and everywhere men and women began to take new courage and hope in life. The address was afterward reprinted, with some slight alterations, in *The American Magazine*. But in 1907 his name was again being heard on the lips of men who had not taken thought of him before, for at this time he began his Lowell Lectures on Pragmatism. They were repeated at Columbia University and then published. This same year he retired from Harvard University. Attending this retirement, a subscription was started to place his portrait on the walls of the college. A dinner was held some three years later in the house of Prof. James to celebrate its completion. The painting was by Miss Ellen Emmett of New York, and it can be seen today in the Faculty Room of University Hall. His address on the "Social Value of the College Bred" was given in November of this year before the Association of the American Alumni and was afterward published in *McClure's Magazine*. In the spring of 1908 he is again abroad giving the Hibbert Lectures at Oxford University, which were afterward published as "The Pluralistic Universe." But all through 1907, in the midst of much pain and suffering, he was kept busy with letters and articles defending and explaining his book on "Pragmatism." Many of these letters and articles were gathered together about this time and published under the title of "The Meaning of Truth: A Sequel to Pragmatism." But the days were getting fewer and he knew it, for he had followed with care all the progress of his disease and knew how dangerous a condition his life was in. But he still had articles in the magazines. *The American Magazine* now printed his "Final Impressions of a Psychical Researcher." He was sure that his twenty-five years of interest in the subject was drawing to a close. The Association for International Conciliation asked him to give them an article on Peace, which shall gather up some of his best and most important views on the subject, and he writes the essay, so well known now, "The Moral Equivalent of War.' The beginnings of his thought along this kind of emphasis will be seen by his readers in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," where he makes the vow of poverty a moral equivalent. *McClure's* and *The Popular Science Monthly* both published this essay afterward. His last article was on Paul Benjamin Blood, which appeared in the *Hibbert Journal*. With all these last things appearing, it was not unnatural that his philosophical friends should get after him, to have him write a careful and systematic work on Philosophy as he had done years previously on Psychology, and during his last months this was his constant work. For several years he had cherished the idea of doing this, but he did not begin the actual writing of his "Introductory Text Book for Students in Metaphysics," as he once called it, till March, 1909. It was his dearest ambition to finish it. And though illness often interfered, he worked hard at it. When he went abroad that last year, he took it with him and worked at it on the boat. After his death two type-written manuscripts of the unfinished work were found. In a memorandum dated July 26, 1910, in which he directed the publication of the manuscript, he wrote:

"Say it is fragmentary and unrevised."

"Call it a 'Beginning to an Introduction to Philosophy'; say that I hoped by it to round out my system, which now is too much like an arch built only on one side."

This fragment can now be bought and it is worth possessing, and it has been called, "Some Problems of Philosophy."

About the middle of August he returned to America and his death occurred the following week at the little country village of Chocorua, in New Hampshire, after a severe attack of heart failure. His body had long been the inefficient instrument of his ardent spirit and now it had to be laid aside, with sixty-eight years of wonderful work completed.

American Poetry*

The last ten years have marked a very decided change in the value of American poetry. At the beginning of this period poetry had reached its lowest ebb in the history of America. The verses were those so often characterized as "magazinable," printed and written as fillers. Poets who published volumes of verse were usually obliged to do so at their own expense, and could not hope for a large market, because the public was not induced to care for poetry. It was seemingly dead to the voices of its poets, and the effect was bad both upon the poets and the public. Our poets *are* our seers,—the men and women who see more clearly than the others and who can voice the visions that they see. At no time more than in the complexity of the present age have we needed poetry. During the last ten years, however, a tremendous change has taken place. America is awaking to its poets, and at the call of public appreciation poet after poet has come into recognition, till we not only do not feel that it is humiliating to compare the output of verse in America with that in England, but we feel confident that a greater poetic age is dawning here. It is the poets of America who have risen most nobly to the crisis of the present war, and with eyes unblinded by its issues have sung with deep visioning. Among the most potent of the influences which have brought about the poetic awakening in America has been the untiring work in the cause of poetry which has been done by William Stanley Braithwaite. Himself a poet of no mean pretensions, Mr. Braithwaite has possessed the clear insight of the critic and has devoted himself to the cause of native verse, often at the expense of his own poetic output. For ten years he has annually made a searching study of the leading American magazines, carefully weighing the poetry which they have printed, and he has published a review of this in the *Boston Evening Transcript*. So wide has become the appreciation of this work and what it has meant to American poetry, that the public has demanded that these reviews, together with his *Anthology of Magazine Verse*, containing what in his judgment is the most significant of the poetry of the year, should be embodied in more permanent form, and for this reason now for the second time a book has prepared which is a distinct event in American poetic annals.

In the present volume, just published, even wider scope has been given to his achievement by the addition of tables of the volumes of poetry published during the year, with a brief summary of each, a list of the best ten volumes of verse for a small library, the best twenty-five volumes of verse for a larger library, and supplementary facts in regard to poetry for larger libraries. This addition makes the book a very fitting year book of American poetry and cannot help acting as a great spur to poetic activity in the entire country. It is the good fortune of Mr. Braithwiate to be able in these annual reviews to draw public attention to magazine verse and also volumes of poetry, which in his keen critical judgment it seems that the public should notice, and which often, if the author is not well known, receive scant appreciation. Thus in this volume he has called especial attention to the work of a new poet, E. Sutton, who in the past year has published three martial poems of distinction. He reiterates what he expressed last year in regard to the fine quality of the work of Mahlon Leonard Fisher, a poet who has not yet published a volume of verse, but whose first book is soon to appear. It is also his opportunity here to speak of the exceeding excellence of the lyrics of Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan, a poet who has been known to us previously through her dramas and through a few scattered magazine lyrics. Mrs. Dargan's is one of the significant volumes of poetry of the present season.

Nothing is more striking, even were we without the assurance of Mr. Braithwaite himself, than the superior quality of the verse of the present year over what has been gathered from the magazines in past years. As the basis for his observations Mr. Braithwaite has selected the seven leading magazines of former years, *Harper's, Scribner's, The Century, The Forum, Lippincott's, The Smart Set,* and *The Bellman.* He has added to these this year three new monthlies and one quarterly, *The Trend, The International, The Masses* and *The Yale Review.* He has selected one poem each from the following magazines: *The Metropolitan, The Craftsman, The Poetry Journal, The Southern Woman's Magazine, Puck* and *The Infantry Journal,* and two from each of the following: *Poetry, The Nation, The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Outlook.* In addition he has selected poems from the following newspapers: The *Boston Evening Transcript, The Boston News Bureau,* and the New York *Evening Sun.* In the case of each of the magazines he has worked out a very interesting average, based upon the total number of poems printed and the number which he has found worthy of being called distinctive. This is of especial importance because of the light which it sheds upon the real value of the contribution to the permanent poetry of the nation, which each of the periodicals has made. Thus we find that while *The Smart Set* published 148 poems, only 18 of these were considered by the critic distinctive, as against 23 distinctive poems in *The Bellman* out of 42 printed, or in the case of the 71 poems in *The Century* in the past year, only 19 were selected as worthy of this appreciation, while 13 of the 33 poems in *The Forum* are on his distinctive list, and out of a total of 19 poems in *The Yale Review* 10 are credited in this manner. Thus we see from the table of his average that *The Bellman, The Forum* and *The Yale Review* are considered the most successful of the magazines in respect to the quality of the verse which has appeared in their pages. No rating of *The Yale Review* has been made before the present year, but in looking back we see that *The Bellman* and *The Forum* have been mentioned before for the high quality of their verse. Eighty-two of what he considers the most distinctive of the poems of the year are published in the *Magazine Anthology,* thus collecting the very best of the entire poetical output of the country into compact form.

As we pass from the question of the larger purpose of the book to the more intimate detail of its make up, we are particularly struck by the large number of long poems contained in it. A few years ago it was an understood fact that no poet could hope to bring his more ambitious achievements to the public notice save

* *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1914 and Year Book of American Poetry.* By William Stanley Braithwaite, Cambridge, Mass.; published by the author.

through the pages of his own volumes. Here, however, we have the *Phi Beta Kappa Poem* of Bliss Carman (*The Forum*), *Romance* by Conrad Aiken (*The Poetry Journal*), *Old Fairingdown* by Olive Tilford Dargan (*Scribner's*), Percy MacKaye's *Fight* (*The Outlook*) and Vachel Lindsey's *The Fireman's Ball* in *Poetry,* as representative of the new tendency of the magazines to find place for the really serious verse. A lyric is the inspiration many times of a happy moment and by the turn of a phrase may come from a haphazard pen, but from the longer poems which express more fully the vision of the author, it is easier for us to judge in respect to an author's actual achievement. The long series of *Sonnets* by Arthur Davison Ficke, some of them representing a very high degree of excellence, which appeared in *The Forum,* are another evidence of the attitude of editors toward more sustained work.

Each year in Mr. Braithwaite's review, it has been of especial interest to observe what poem he has chosen as first in rank in his magazine anthology, and we recall the year when he had the opportunity to award this praise to George Edward Woodberry's "Comrades," a poem which must continue to stand in the forefront of Mr. Woodberry's work. This year he has given precedence to "The Flirt,' by Amelia Josephine Burr, and we feel very ready to agree with him in his estimate of the lyric appeal and the vital and impelling impression which are gained from the poem. There are many other poems which give evidence of the scope and variety of Mr. Braithwaite's appreciation, even as his ready acceptance of the *vers libre* assures us that he is actuated in his choice by no narrow dictates of preconceived ideas. Of the better known poets, we have the "Phi Beta Kappa Poem" of Bliss Carman's as well as the little song, "The Deserted Pasture," which recalls vividly the "Songs from Vagabondia," "Jewel Weed," by Florence Earle Coates, "Eros Turannos," by Edwin Arlington Robinson, and poems from Percy MacKaye, Clinton Scollard, Witter Bynner (whose new book, "The Little King,—Mitchell Kennerly—shows the widening scope of this poet's achievement), George Sterling, Madison Cawein, Amelia Josephine Burr and Richard Le Gallienne. Walter Conrad Arensburg is represented by several poems, and two of the foremost of the present day singers, James Oppenheim and Louis Untermeyer, speak nobly the voice of the new age in poetry. Arthur Davison Ficke has shown a decided growth in power in his Sonnet in *The Forum,* but no poet shows a more distinct advance in attainment than does Percy MacKaye in the surer utterance of this volume, particularly in the war sonnets which appeared originally in the *Boston Evening Transcript.* The entire list of poems is singularly promising and well repays the labors of the critic in their selection.

The first decade of Mr. Braithwaite's work as a creative critic has passed, and the change which the ten years have wrought in the attitude toward American poetry has been very great. To this change Mr. Braithwaite's work has certainly done much to contribute. Every year has seen the scope of his annual review taking on larger and more significant form until at the present date we have the "Year Book of American Poetry," the precursor of what we hope may be a series of books of ever widening influence, which shall redound at once to the credit of American poetry and to an appreciation of the large work which has already placed Mr. Braithwaite in the foremost rank of our critics in the opinion of both America and of England.

Dorothea Lawrence Mann.

From The Forum, February, 1915.

Sincerity

There is a quality which makes human life eternally worth while, and universally commanding. That quality, I need scarcely explain, is *sincerity.* In this quality our age is lamentably deficient. There are so many who yield to the base desire to win the applause of the multitude rather than to be controlled by the burning ambition to be true to their ideals.

A distinguished writer in the April *Forum* confessed, without blushing, that he wrote (not what was true) but what the editors wanted and for the money they gave him. Now, I maintain there can be no greatness, no nobleness, no real interest in life without sincerity. This quality is essential in literature, in art, in politics, in business, in work, in the home, in friendship, in religion. And by sincerity I mean that one shall be true to oneself—true to his ideals and true to his work; sincere in his sentiments and in his speech, in his emotional aspirations and in his intellectual achievements. To be sincere should be the aim of poet, painter, author, teacher, minister, the daily workman or the draft horse or milch cow of the family. One will not, if sincere, commercialize his gifts or his culture; he will not pander to the lower appetites of the masses or the whims of the rich. For one should be sincere in his entire being, in his faiths and in his doubts, if he has them, in his optimism and in his pessimism.

I do not mean in showing how vital, how essential sincerity is, that it should stand alone, be elevated into a dogma, or made the substitute for faculties or gifts. In the poet or author, for example, there must be the psychological touch, the sense of beauty, the original phrase, an apotheosis of color, movement and melody. He must have a wide vision, and the illumination of an inner beauty. He must have that charm which comes from the use of melodious words, simple scenes and harmonious settings. But I aver that insincerity vitiates, degrades these high gifts. He is already degraded who sells his independent thought, or lowers his ideals for the dollar. Every insincerity is a nail ill-driven, a door ill-hung, a garment ill-sewed or a line ill-traced. Any man loses who descends to the bizarre, the sensational, the theatrical, the rhetorical.

If we study those poets and teachers of bygone times whom we love, whose words still have the bloom upon them, for example: Aeschylus, Plato, Jesus, Milton, Pascal, Rousseau, Emerson, Whitman, Stevenson, we shall find that first of all they were sincere. They did not need to study what Voltaire calls *"le grand art de plaire,"* the grand art of pleasing, for their transparency, their spontaneity gave infinite charm.

I am glad to say that those writers who today set the pace, Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, Lowes Dickinson, H. G. Wells, Henry M. Alden, write not for effect, but to voice their profoundest convictions.

Believe me, to be insincere is to do oneself and probably many others—a moral injury; but an uncompromising insincerity will lead us out of every labyrinth, it will in the end be fatal even to luxury and the life of idleness. To pretend, to be false, is man's wisdom, sincerity is God's.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

The Things Which Unite

In death they were not divided; in the grave there was peace. We have the picture of an Englishman, a Frenchman and a German, all mortally wounded, yet each consoling the other through the last moments of their common agony. We have, too, the picture of the British officer decorated for the same act with the Victoria Cross and the Iron Cross, dying, too, with his decorations on him, because he carried an accidentally wounded German doctor back into the German lines. Such incidents should surely convince us that the things which unite us must prevail over all else. But what are those things? Not merely a refraining from ambitions, from hatreds, from jealousies. Europe will never cease from war until she finds something better to do. That better business is neither trade nor philosophy, nor even art, though it may include all these. It is, in one word, sacrifice; the modern equivalent of that adventurous altruism which made of St. Francis, St. Elizabeth, of Florence Nightingale, John Howard and David Livingstone an inspiration to the world. The courage of goodness must outshine the courage of battle. The alternative to Nietsche and Bernhardi is not Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith. It is a Wesley, a Luther, a Savonarola, a Tolstoy. A sterner war even than this war must be declared, if that demoniac violence is to be exorcised which has already rent our civilization into fragments. *Philip Whitwell Wilson.*

From Goodwill (London).

THE WIND

The Wind that made the meadows dance,
Came whistling through the glade,
And all the little birch-trees laughed
And twinkled in the shade;
He tossed a red leaf in my hair,
Caressed each slim young tree,
And left the garden all agog
With gay expectancy.

Today the Wind came back again,—
He marched like men at war,
And dust and leaves and frightened birds
Came hurrying before;
He tramped the meadows under foot,
He whipped the trees to shreds,
And oh, the havoc that he wrought
Among my garden beds!

Next time the Wind comes whistling by—
So airily polite—
I'll run and tell my lady trees
To bind their tresses tight;—
I'll send a warning to the brook,
I'll bid the rain-crow shout,
And every garden sentinel
Shall hang storm-signals out!

—*Margaret Lee Ashley.*

"Harper's Magazine."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXI.
The Sermon on the Mount:—*Second Lesson*
Mrs. Charles D. Steele, Leader

"Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." Matthew vii:9.

In all ages, students of the Sermon on the Mount have been struck not only by its ethical value, but by the tremendous amount of literary art, the clarity with which ideas are presented and the skill shown in the condensation. Combined with the richest poetic fancy is an acute and penetrating understanding, not merely speaking of the literary form of the Greek, or of the logical sequence of Matthew's account, but of the inherent literary value of the separate fragments. There was a great gain for oral deliveries in these classics. They could be easily understood by an ordinary concourse of uneducated people, and they were so condensed that they could not fail to make a profound impression. In oral teaching it is easy to become trivial or trite in appealing to the masses, and the effort to make pointed, pithy statements results too often in a stilted, stiff utterance without developing any real meaning. So people who understand the difficulties of that sort of teaching continually marvel at the literary power there is in this sermon.

A teacher preaching by the wayside would naturaly and inevitably repeat himself, which might account for the slight discrepancies in the different gospel accounts. We find the sermon in its most complete form in Matthew, which gives us the best basis for analysis.

The first division gives the scenic description. Matthew: "On seeing the crowds of people Jesus went up the hill." Luke: "Afterward Jesus came down the hill with them and took his stand on a level place." As the sermon was not given as a whole, two events were probably referred to.

With the Beatitudes might be included the description of the kind of people who were to be included in the Kingdom. "The salt of the earth," "the light of the world."

In the third division Jesus said, "Do not think I have come to do away with the law and the prophets," resenting the idea that he was revolutionary, and implying that he simply followed out the line of thought handed down through the ages. In this section he contrasts the old conception with what he wishes to present. "Ye have heard that it hath been said," but to the old law concerning murder, adultery, etc., he gives a deeper moral significance. Luke does not need to refer to the old law he wrote for the Gentiles, but for Matthew, writing for the Jews working in Palestine, where Jewish thought had been so strongly developed, it would be most important. In a truly magnificent way the Jews had clung to their ancestral religion through the ages, though dominated by Greek

culture and learning. They had practically lost their political independency long before, but had developed a peculiar adaptability and showed themselves susceptible to outside influences. In spite of this adaptability they had clung to their old ideas, strongly expressed in the tendency to crystallize the Old Testament into a canonized form. Practically one source of inspiration for scholars and the one source of education, the influence of the Old Testament had been overwhelming. It was the national treasure house of religious inspiration. With whatever purpose it was studied it could not fail to bring inspiration into the life of the people. On the other hand the fact that the canon became fixed, set the stream of religious thought into a very narrow channel. Since it was the one source of thought and instruction, it was necessary that it should be observed and understood. Developing as it did through hundreds of years under differing conditions and by differing purposes, it would inevitably contain much conflicting material which had to be reconciled and explained.

But while the external form became stationary the real thought and life of the people did not. It clashed continually with the prevailing theological belief, resulting in an ingenious system of sophistry and falsehood which, instead of making the path to right living clear, caused the greatest confusion and extension of the law, subsidiary details becoming equal to the law.

This limitation of the source of inspiration applied to the actual fixing of the New Testament Canon did have exactly the same effect. The marvelous Jesuit system might serve as an illustration. Upon it has been expended infinite thought, study and detail. Starting with the absolute inspiration of the scriptures, with the most relentless logic they have worked out a system with not a hole in it, their philosophy being so complicated that few people can master it. Of the many who join the Jesuit Brotherhoods very few are able to take any but the lowest orders. Only a clear mind and devoted life can accomplish the higher.

Wealthy and prominent Catholics all over the world have sent their sons to Geneva, Switzerland, to be educated, and of all the brilliant youth there educated very seldom is any originality developed. In fact no innovation or freedom of thought is tolerated.

The English accuse the United States, with its State and National Constitutions, of having completely crystallized its susceptibility to growth. This might be true if it were a closed canon, but it *can* be amended.

Another sidelight on or result of a "closed canon" is seen in the rise of the Pseudepigrapha and Apocrypha. As all authority lay in the old books, to ascribe the new literature to the old authorship would give it standing.

While the Pharisaic scribes often exerted a baneful influence, many of them, Paul for instance, were undoubtedly sincere. Two other sects or "schools" were prominent at this time, the Essenes and Sadduces. The Essenes very ascetic as to ethics, with a transcendental idea of their relation to God, Quaker-like in attitude toward swearing; not merely an oath, but every word should be inviolate. The Sadducees, with a lifeless rationalism had little sensibility toward spiritual truth. The usual Pharisaic idea was that a duty of form or ritual in the temple would take precedence of the needs of a dying neighbor.

Against all this exaggeration, hypocrisy and pretense, and to show their fallacy and limitations, Jesus directed his teaching. He continually contrasted personal observance with external observance. With praying in public in many words, he contrasts the Lord's Prayer, not using the Gloria, "For thine is the Kingdom, the power and the glory for ever," which was probably added in the third or fourth century by some of the early Fathers.

The teaching of Jesus never was brought by him into a single doctrine. He never seemed to have any idea of planting a systematic philosophy. But ever since his time the students of ethics have been busy with the material he gave us, and His parables and Sermon on the Mount have crowned all philosophy.

Students have classified ethics under three departments, the one ideal, the end and aim of all moral action, virtue, or the formation of character, and the animating force of virtue, duty, the prescribed path of virtue. In this sermon Jesus uses the expression, "the Kingdom of Heaven," or, in the other gospels "the Kingdom of God," as we would use the ideal, the animating end and aim of everything. The phrase used to represent duty in the Old Testament is "the way" and in the early Christian communities the members were often called "Followers of the way." The ethics of the Greek world, though to our mind lacking, at that time had been carefully worked out by their philosophers. To the pagan the idea of happiness was the final goal,—the ideal. To Aristotle and other masters of philosophy, the acquiring of individual virtue was not an aim in itself, but a necessity of the state. Individual virtue was development merely as a means of growing power for the State. In modern times we resent the Aristotle idea and believe that personal virtue has inherent worth.

Jesus did not say in so many words that his was the ultimate ideal. Very fortunately he put no restriction about it, and to determine it is the most important function for every person to perform, and there is no time too early to begin. Our ideals should increase as our conceptions increase. Carlyle said that the first question in the Presbyterian Catechism stayed with him all through life, "What is the chief end of man?" and we, none of us, would admit today that happiness is the chief end.

Jesus laid stress on purity of motive, a sincere attitude of mind and appreciation rather than actual practice. He laid emphasis on the virtues of love, forgiveness, compliance and helpfulness rather than on the more masculine virtues of courage, wisdom, temperance and justice, which had been so over exalted by older philosophers.

As a closing thought, Jesus taught that the attainment of this ideal, this "end," is something that may be missed. "What good will it do a man to gain the whole world, if he forfeits his life?" (Twentieth Century New Testament.) Or, as in our revised version, "What shall a man be profited if he shall gain the whole world and forfeit his life?"

(1) Could the Sermon on the Mount be interpreted as revolutionary?

(2) Do you find in it any new philosophy of life?

(3) Write an estimate of its literary value.

(4) Discuss the result of a "closed Canon" in any line of thought and give an illustration.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God.

MON.—The things that are really for thee gravitate to thee.

TUES.—Oh, believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear.

WED.—God will not make himself manifest to cowards.

THURS.—The faith that stands on authority is not faith.

FRI.—Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of that he should be.

SAT.—Valor consists in the power of self-recovery, so that a man cannot have his flank turned, cannot be out-generaled, but put him where you will, he stands.

—Emerson.

MEADOW TALK

A bumble-bee, yellow as gold,
Sat perched on a red-clover top,
When a grasshopper, wiry and old,
Came along with a skip and a hop.
"Good-morrow!" cried he, "Mr. Bumblebee;
You seem to have come to a stop."

"We people that work,"
Said the bee with a jerk,
"Find a benefit sometimes in stopping;
Only insects like you,
Who have nothing to do,
Can keep up a perpetual hopping."

The grasshopper paused on his way,
And thoughtfully bunched up his knees;
"Why trouble this sunshiny day,"
Quoth he, "with reflections like these?"
I follow the trade for which I was made.
We all can't be wise bumble-bees."

"There's a time to be sad
And a time to be glad,
And time both for working and stopping;
For men to make money,
For you to make honey,
And for me to do nothing but hopping."

—From "St. Nicholas."

"The grasshopper is a flippant bug."

The Crow's Wedding

It was a day early in April. Joe, my brother, and I were out plowing the field, where we had been since early morning. The breath of spring was in the air, and I remember I could hardly wait until the noon hour when I should be at liberty to lie on my back and just drink in each little bit of awakening Nature.

At last it was twelve o'clock. I was hungry, yet I did not care to eat. I flung myself down under an old stone wall which acted as a buffer against the somewhat keen wind that was blowing, and there with my face turned up to the sky I lay, bathing my face in the struggling spring warmth of the sun.

High overhead the sky was the old intense blue, with here and there an island of woolly white clouds; they looked as if someone had tossed up fleecy, white shawls and they had hung there in the sky. The fresh earthy smell from the newly plowed field came to me —the truest odor of the world's returning life of which I know. I closed my eyes sleepily, deliciously giving myself up to every spring influence—to the timidly tried love-song of a far-away robin, to the chatter of some gay little squirrels, and to the caw of a seeming multitude of crows. What a row they were making! And quite near they were, too.

I shoved myself up on my elbow and peered over the old wall.

"Joe," I exclaimed, "look here!"

Our astonished eyes beheld any quantity of crows, all formed in a long line, and making the most dreadful racket; then suddenly all was quiet and a huge old crow steped out in front, and in crow language addressed the assembled crow colony.

When his speech was finished, a young crow walked out of the line and slowly and carefully began an inspection of the lady crows. At last he seemed to find one who met with his ideas of feminine beauty, and together they flew away. This little scene was repeated again and again, until all the crows had flown away in pairs in all directions of the compass.

We had stayed there watching them long past the hour allowed for dinner, and old Bob, the farm horse, was beginning to think he was forgetting how to tell time by the sun, when we at last returned to the plowing.

"What do you think they were doing?" I asked of Joe, who prided himself on knowledge which came of his two added years.

"Why, 'twas a wedding, stupid! Couldn't you see that the old crow was the minister and that he married the young crows?"

In the years since I have never met but one man who had seen the same thing, and he was an old farmer in Vermont, and he agreed with Joe's idea that the event was a wedding.

Alas for childish ideas! As we grow older, Science, who steals our imagination, takes many things from us, and among the first, we learn that with civilization have come customs, forms, rites and ceremonies; the birds and the beasts know not the joys of birthday parties and wedding feasts.

So, although this is a true story, the name I have given it does not apply; but, as I have never been able to discover just what the old crow said to his little flock, I have clung to my first childish impression, and called it "The Crows' Wedding."

Birds and Nature. *Dorothy Lord Maltby.*

I have made my lair in many places since I first kept house with Nature. I have couched in heather by the pines of Leith Hall above the Weald; I have lain in dry furrows or on the margin of a copse, or in the parks of the children of fortune, for whose welfare, in gratitude for their unconscious hospitality I shall ever pray. But of all the grassy bedrooms I have known, the openest are the most delightful. To see the whole sweep of the stars; to lie on the shorn ground free of all that overshadows or encompasses or confuses; to breathe in the great gulf of air; to stretch unhindered limbs—this is an initiation into a new life, a fragrant memory in the long glooms of winter. Let nothing come between you and the stars, that they may look well upon your face, and haply repenting of some ancient unkindliness, draw you at this rebirth a new horoscope of blessing and fair fortune. *W. Compton Leith.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN SOCIAL HYMNS OF BROTHERHOOD AND ASPIRATION

Collected By
MABEL HAY BARROWS MUSSEY

These hymns were first collected for THE SURVEY, in which they appeared on January 3, 1914, after they had been submitted to a jury of critics representing many phases of religious activity. The warm welcome accorded them there has led to their republication in the present form, with some alterations, and with all the music.

Social aspiration is the dominant note in this book. The editor's first object was to find hymns that could be sung by all people in all places,—in churches, in halls, in schools, in the open. Many hymns, therefore, were chosen which Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic may sing with equal fervor. To this common store were added a few which voice the special messages of different groups. The line has been drawn to include hymns of cheer, courage and inspiration; other phases of religious life have been left to the church hymnals.

THE BUILDER OF FIFTY TOWN CLOCKS

In the Interesting People department of the June *American Magazine* appears an account of Nels Johnson, who erected over fifty town clocks in the United States. He kept secret many of the devices which made his clocks so successful. He died a few weeks ago and many of his secrets died with him. Following is an extract from the article about him:

"Mr. Johnson has erected over fifty tower clocks in the United States; Detroit has two of them, Milwaukee three, and Rochester, N. Y., one. The great clock of the Michigan Building at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893, was his. In 1912 he installed one in the Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

"'I have quite a bit scattered around the world to show I've been living,' he said.

"Nels Johnson was born in Nordrup, Denmark, in 1838, of destitute peasant stock. As a boy he worked 'fourteen hours a day for six years' learning the blacksmithing trade. When he arrived in America in 1862 he was in debt for his transportation, uneducated beyond the barest fundamentals and unable to speak a word of English."

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION.

For two thousand years the world fell to nodding, and slept at the point she had achieved, until a crooked, little, thick-set, scowling creature crept into Rome and studied and thought and learned, and drew the big people that were producing the Renaissance, that were shaking their unafraid hand in the face of heaven, and dared to think as they wanted to; and he said, "Enough of Phidias! You Romans want that old stuff? I want no more of it." But he carved a baby and buried in in his garden and sold it as an antique, and then laughed at the man who bought it. Thus Michael Angelo came into the art world and gave us a new form of beauty, and stands today the peer of that Greek age. But the Renaissance was greater because it produced Columbus, the greatest man since Christ, because he had the courage to fathom that great West, and he gave to poor, tired, struggling, jealous, fighting Europe—he gave all humanity—a new hemisphere; he gave the poor, tired old race a chance to try its virtues, its principles, its religions, its forms of government all over again. Four hundred years ago, that's all! And every virtue, every principle, every ambition, tried out, fought out, worked out, lived out by all the people, by all the insurgents, by all the courage of individuals of that old world, has been relived from pole to pole on this western hemisphere. We have lived a life so large, so rich, so full, that there is nothing in Phidias' age, there is nothing in the age of Rome, comparable to the larger ideals of this western hemisphere. But after education something else comes, and that is civilization, that is culture, that is the realization that what you think and I think is precious, and we have a right to be proud of attaining liberty of conscience, political liberty, liberty from the despotisms of Europe; we have a right to be proud that we freed the black race and wiped that last stain off; we have a right to be proud of so many, many, many things, and yet none of them appear in our art!

Do you know what civilization is? Do you know that when the Great Almighty left Adam and Eve in this uncultivated wilderness, He gave them only the need for food, shelter and the desire to mate? Language, song, poetry, painting, sculpture are all man's work. He invented all. And what we are today—your enjoyment, your interest in what I say and my interest in talking to you—all of it man has invented.

A few individuals up and down the long line of history have discovered the value of the emotions, the finer ambitions of the finer individuals; death came into the world, and we found how precious life was; and the artist and the poet and the sculptor have sung about these values through the ages. That is what civilization is. —Gutzon Borglum.

CONFESSION OF FAITH

The white light of the Truth divine
Is broken into many a ray;
"Lo here!" "Lo there!" the preachers say,
And brothers prate of "mine" and "thine."
But in God's sight it well may be
That all in *one* may interweave.
Lord, that each ray leads back to Thee
I do believe.

I do not know what Heaven may be.
A City walled with carven gem?
A glorious company "of them
That praise God's name continually?"
But that His heaven somewhere doth hold
Full comfort for all hearts that grieve
And love that close all life doth fold,
I do believe.

I do not know what Death may be.
That it is not the end, I know.
What further marvel life can show
Some day I shall fare forth to see
Beyond this little round of Earth,
With wider vision to perceive
Death's but another name for Birth
I do believe.

What God may be I do not know,
His face from me He hides away;
No Sinai-cloud for us today
His living Presence makes to glow.
But that the Everlasting Arms
Outside their shelter will not leave
One least frail thing a prey to harms,
I do believe.

Thou *art*, O God. I know not *where*.
What matters it where Thou may'st be?
My soul each hour may reach to Thee
Along the electric chain of Prayer.
Thou who dost know Thy creature's want
Wilt fail no true prayer to receive,
Nor any rash petition grant,
I do believe.

Widen my vision to behold
Thy meaning in all pain and wrong
Thy time of waiting seemeth long,
My heart in Thy great Patience fold.
Thou who hast led, dost lead us now—
In every hour of joy or grief;
Hear Lord! I do believe: Help Thou
Mine unbelief!
—Alice Williams Brotherton.

The above poem was read at the conclusion of her address which closed the final session of the annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference recently held in Cincinnati.

A ROMANCE.

As Lily watched her Phlox one day,
A fierce Snap-Dragon came that way.
Sweet William to the rescue flew,
With blade of Grass the monster slew.
—Abbie Farwell Brown.
From "A Pocketful of Posies."

GOSSIP.

Dandelion, gossips say,
Kissed Tulips the other day,
Yet no punishment receives,
For he kissed them *by their leaves.*
—Abbie Farwell Brown.
From "A Pocketful of Posies."

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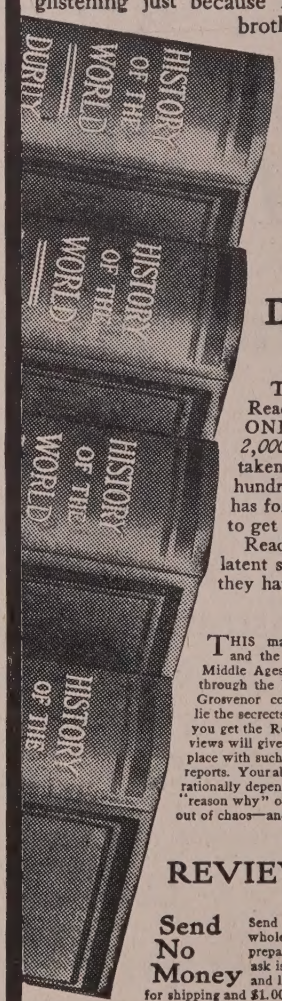

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